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The Commonweal

May 16, 1947

Italian Treaty

—A. A. Berle, Jr.

The Hero

—Denis de Rougemont

Austrian Socialism

—Norman Thomas

VOLUME XLVI 15c NUMBER 5

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The
COMMONWEAL

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Nothing Succeeds Like Monopoly

THE PAPERS seldom say anything about it, but as Wendell Berge recently testified in Washington: "The country is now experiencing the greatest concentration in its history." He backs up that statement with figures of which we reproduce only a few: 3 companies account for 89 percent of American automobiles; 4 make all our (prefab.) roofing shingles; 4 have over 85 percent of our structural steel capacity; 4 account for 70 percent of our motorcycle and passenger car tires, etc. etc. Approaching this situation from another angle Robert H. Freer of the Federal Trade Commission warns of the greatly accelerated pace of postwar business mergers and ascribes high prices directly to them. The old enemy, monopoly, waxes fatter than ever.

Is increased economic concentration a phenomenon which is simply distasteful to a few theoretical advocates of decentralization or does it actually constitute a serious threat to the public interest? American business leaders and conservative publicists have no doubt over-gilded the virtues of the competitive system; they have worked the slogan "freedom of enterprise" until it is almost devoid of meaning. Disadvantages in the competitive system are obvious. The high cost of advertising and selling, the rôle of private loan companies and instalment buying, the materialistic effect of women's magazines and other slick advertising media, the baneful influence of soap opera and other commercial come-ons. Not the least of these evils is the inevitable pressure to cut labor costs—a pressure on wages, the impulsion toward the speed-up, the constant look-out for ways to do with fewer hands regardless of the immediate or long-range social consequences. And it would not be surprising if one knew enough that he could demonstrate how periodic depressions and war-begetting imperialisms can be laid right at the door of that very competitive system which is widely upheld as the American ideal.

Yet with all this catalogue of social ills—many of them susceptible to remedies of various sorts—a competitive system is much to be preferred to a monopoly economy, whether the reins lie in a few powerful private hands or in the grasp of a government bureaucracy. The wear and tear of an open market is more salubrious for society that the order (exploitation) of the "managed market."

The root of the matter is the corruptive influence of power. When a handful of business executives are apportioning among themselves for their mutual benefits markets and sources of raw materials or establishing prices or withholding from the consumer scientific improvements which have passed all the proving ground tests, they are hardly acting in the interests of society. By keeping consumer prices up they are, in fact, withholding from the worker the just fruits of his labors and by restricting the domestic market laying a sure foundation of catastrophic depressions.

And these monopolists are never satisfied; they must be constantly enlarging the field of their operations until it encompasses the world. Here is imperialism with a vengeance. Here is the sort of thing which led American big business to deprive this country of strategic material and abet the German cartels at the very moment Hitler set out to swallow Europe. But in the last analysis it is the intolerable power which monopoly engenders—the power of an aggressive few over their fellow-men—which makes it so reprehensible.

Enough for indicating the human values which so clearly are at stake! Can anything practicable be done here and now to stop the inhuman juggernaut of merger and monopoly. In the forefront there is the new legislation proposed by Senator O'Mahoney and Representative Kefauver amending the Clayton Act of 1914. As Father Masse, S.J., of *America*, and others, have pointed out, it would throw a spike into the wheel if corporations were henceforth forbidden to acquire *not only the stock* of a competitor in such as way as

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to move toward monopoly, *but also the assets.* This the O'Mahoney-Kefauver legislation proposes to do. Surely a brake on merger and monopoly is one of the essentials if our economy is to work during the crucial next fifteen years of Russian propaganda and preparedness. Surely an economy in which power and responsibility are well distributed and full production and employment are maintained is desirable for its own sake. It is good to learn that the Department of Justice has under investigation or slated for investigation some 79 of the nation's 100 largest corporations. But it is seriously hampered by the loopholes in extant anti-trust legislation. And how are the American people to be roused from their indifference to this dangerous concentration of power if the newspapers continue to remain virtually silent?

The Italian Treaty

"YOU AND I," said Senator Vandenberg to one of the witnesses who testified last week before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee during the hearings on the Italian Treaty, "could sit down and agree in twenty minutes on the kind of treaty we would like to write for Italy, but having sat for 213 days across the table from Mr. Molotov, I can assure you that is quite a different thing." The Senator's remark rings with both flattery and wisdom—as he probably intended it to—and it also contains, in dehydrated form, the favorite argument of those who would like to see this country ratify the treaty for Italy (examined in detail by Mr. A. A. Berle, Jr., in later pages of this issue) without any further talk. The Senator does not insist that the Italian Treaty is a satisfactory arrangement. Neither does anyone else, strangely enough. Even the people who are most keen to check off the Italian settlement and get on with other problems do not claim that the treaty is a very pretty thing. But these people seem to believe that any treaty born out of 213 days of negotiation should be accepted—on a kind of man-hours standard of international achievement, apparently. In a slightly dressed-up and elaborated form that argument runs something like this: the Italian Treaty is not what we promised the Italians it would be, but 213 days were required to grind it out and if we do not ratify it now the Soviets would accuse use of bad faith and go into a prolonged international pout.

As Senator Vandenberg has implied, 213 days spent at the same conference table with Mr. Molotov is no joke. But, as the Italians could tell Senator Vandenberg, those 213 days, even if repeated, amount to no more than one long side-splitting experience compared to what the Italians will be in for if his government ratifies the treaty. And as the Italians, or any number of non-Italian students of Soviet foreign policy, could point out, it is silly and inconsistent to worry about what the Russians will say if the United States fails to ratify the treaty. In the first place, the Russians know very well that any international arrangement agreed to by the American Secretary of State and his assistants is conditional and depends for acceptance on the final judgment of the United States Senate. As for worry about Russian moodiness and accusations of bad faith: the only Russians who possess the kind of moral sensitivity predicated by this argument are Henry Wallace's Russians, a group that is entirely separate from the Stalins, Molotovs, and Gromykos. And the inconsistency lies in the fact that since March 12, when President Truman delivered his pointed address on future American policy, the citizens of the United States—and the Russians—have been under the impression that we had given up the misdirected good fellowship that dominated members of our State Department in the days when the Italian Treaty was being put together.

President Truman shares Senator Vandenberg's preoccupation with the amount of time that was needed to construct the Italian Treaty. In a recent letter to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee the President also mentions the "months of effort," and to emphasize the time factor he points out that this effort was expended by "outstanding leaders in both parties in this government and other governments," which apparently means that Mr. Truman judges peace treaties according to the number of months required to write them plus the political eminence of the people who did the writing.

Mr. James F. Byrnes, one of the outstanding party leaders Mr. Truman had in mind, has also testified in favor of ratification of the treaty. His reasons are more detailed but quite as interesting as those advanced by Mr. Truman. As Mr. Byrnes sees it, we did not do so "very badly" by Italy. By that he means that the United States succeeded (in the person of Mr. Byrnes) in reducing the original Russian-Greek-Ethiopian reparations demand on Italy from twenty-five billion dollars to three hundred and sixty million dollars. Mr. Byrnes's standard for peace treaties, then, is based on a theory of approximation: three hundred and sixty million dollars is a better figure than twenty-five billion dollars. The Italians are expected to be thankful for small favors; after all, Mr. Byrnes's standard for a good treaty is at least an improvement on that of Senator Vandenberg and President Truman. Further reflections by Mr. Byrnes: prompt ratification of the treaty will permit the entry of Italy into the United Nations. Once a member of the United Nations, Italy would be in a position to plead her cause (Mr. Byrnes concedes that she has one) on the level of equality, not as an enemy state. (Mr. Byrnes does not mention the veto, a handy weapon which at least one great member of the United Nations would certainly use if the Italians managed to bring about reconsideration of their treaty.) A final footnote by Senator Alben W. Barkley: The Italian treaty should be promptly

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ratified. It will bring to an end the uncertainty that is hampering Italy's recovery. Furthermore, "there is some virtue in adapting yourself, even to a disagreeable situation, if you know you have to do it." (Senator Barkley is a resident of Kentucky and Washington, D. C., and is not expected to spend much time in Italy during the next few years.)

To begin work on a treaty for Italy all over again would certainly be a painful job, but to ratify—for highly debatable reasons of expediency—a deceptive, unjust treaty, a treaty which will not lead to either local or international peace, would be great folly.

The Cut in Relief

THE HOUSE of Representatives is cutting down the appropriations for relief for war-devastated countries from three hundred and fifty millions to two hundred millions, and Mr. Arthur Krock in the New York *Times* thinks that the reasons for this action are very simple. The representatives want to economize; they presume that whatever money is asked for by the administration is always more than it needs and usually more than it expects to get. This is the way they always feel about the budget: they are asked to grant a lump sum and they try to subtract what they can from it, in any way, in any place. The administration now is asking money for relief abroad and it is just as if it were asking money for any one of the departments of its activity at home. The rôle of the representatives is to say no, not so much, and then the matter goes to the Senate which says a little less here, a little less there, a little more for this and that. This is the normal dialectical process whereby expenditures are controlled. It is the business of the administration to attempt to establish its case; it is not the business of the representatives to establish seriously what something actually costs; their business is simply to be difficult.

It is also true, as Mr. Krock points out, that the representatives are disturbed by inconsistencies they see between the general policy of relief and the particular policy of special relief planned to assist definite political aims. They see relief being granted in the Russian zone at the same time that it is sent to Greece and Turkey to prevent these countries from being absorbed into the Russian zone. They cannot see how political relief and humanitarian relief can be carried on at the same time without the first being harmed by the second.

It is true that this is an oversimplification because under the actual circumstances what we call humanitarian relief sometimes turns into political relief by the time it has been administered by certain local foreign authorities. Food sent out by us to reach all the hungry sometimes reaches the politically desirable hungry first, favoring people with food who are already favored because of their political attitude or because, as a class, they are economically necessary to their nation's régime. It is only natural that the representatives and the American people should be extremely annoyed when their generosity is thus abused. It is proper that every effort be made to put a stop to the political distribution of relief. Admittedly the representatives who cut the relief funds were influenced by this consideration as well as by that of economy.

But there is the fact of famine and neither Russian politics, nor our own, must interfere with our determination to relieve famine where we can. We must be frank and see facts as they are: we are not feeding the Greek partisans; we are sending relief to those Greeks who support a government which is trying to subdue them. That is political relief. The Russian satellite states are not giving the food we send them to any people who do not support the communist régime. That also is political relief. But relief has to be given no matter what happens to it. Even if it is doled out by policemen, even if it is distributed through the black market, food must be sent to countries where there is no food. That is our primary responsibility, economy or no economy—and politics, even the most serious, come afterward. Humanitarian and political relief must continue to coexist.

Maine and the Balts.

THE STATE of Maine, on its own initiative, all by itself, is looking at the problem of immigration and is doing something about it. Maine has instructed representatives to negotiate with the State Department and the United Nations for the admission to the State of Maine of displaced persons from the Baltic nations: Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia. Maine is going to set aside public land to sell to these people. In Presidential Election years, the saying is "as Maine goes so goes the nation": it would be wonderful if that worked for immigration too.

Centralia, IV

FOR SOME sort of Pulitzer Prize we nominate a paper Joseph Pulitzer himself founded, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Its publication of a 24-page special section, April 30, on the Illinois mine disaster is a public service. Beginning with a report on inspectors from the State Department of Mines and Minerals collecting election funds from mine operators instead of enforcing safety regulations (six days before the Centralia tragedy), this section carries the story down through the last post-mortem. It fixes responsibility for the nation's worst mine disaster in twenty years and outlines the steps essential for protecting the miners. The *Post-Dispatch* has made certain that Centralia will not be forgotten.

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Peace with Italy

A. A. Berle, Jr.

FIVE FINAL peace treaties were signed in Paris on February 10. The most important was the treaty with Italy. With this went treaties with Rumania, Bulgaria, and Hungary—all neighbors of Italy.

A fifth, the treaty with Finland, is disconnected and not touched on here.

In the Italian Treaty severe sacrifices were made, both by the United States and by the Italian people. They are discussed later in this article. The important fact is that the welfare of millions of Italians and the pocketbooks of millions of Americans were lowered to reach agreement, chiefly with the Soviet Union, on this treaty. American negotiators, Byrnes, Vandenberg and Connally, negotiated skilfully and valiantly. This is the best they could get. Given the circumstances, it was a good best. They were pressured to make an infinitely worse treaty. They, and President Truman, accepted the present arrangement on the assumption that it was a down-payment for general peace in Europe.

This was a calculated risk which negotiators frequently have to take. If, as a result of this, the log-jam could be broken, if peace and quiet and an end of Big Three differences could be secured, then the advantages of peace and reconstruction would outweigh the sacrifices made in the Italian Treaty. There was, it appeared, some reason to believe this might be the outcome.

Well, this has not happened. Agreement between the Big Four—USSR, United States, Britain and France—did not work out. The Moscow Conference has come and gone, and its principal achievement has been to state the issues between the powers. This tends to progress—but it is not peace. Under these circumstances, many students of the international scene—myself included—feel that the wise counsel is to delay ratification of the Italian Treaty until the diplomatic scene clears up. If the Italian people and the American people are expected to make a down-payment in the cause of European peace, it might be well to be sure that the goods are delivered.

This is the course which is being suggested to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

★

Study of the Italian Treaty and its related Balkan treaties clearly shows that the aim to be reached was a general settlement; but that this settlement could only be got by other agreements not yet reached. Take, for instance, withdrawal of troops and disarmament.

Under the Italian Treaty, Allied troops are to be withdrawn in ninety days after ratification. Italy is at once to disarm; within a year all her defense installations are to be demobilized. Every road into Italy from Yugoslavia or Austria is thus rendered incapable of defense.

Two of the related treaties—with Rumania and Hungary—provide that the Soviet troops shall be withdrawn from these countries—but there is a catch in it. Unlimited Soviet troops may continue in these countries to guard the lines of communication through Hungary and Rumania into Austria—until the treaty of peace with Austria has been agreed on. The Moscow Conference just closed developed disagreement about the Austrian Treaty—which thus far is not in sight. In result, British and American troops are withdrawn from and have no further right to guard Italy; the Soviet Union continues to have the right to occupy the railroad and communications lines through Rumania and Hungary and in the Russian-occupied zone of Austria, on Italy's northern frontier. In addition she has in fact control of the Yugoslav Army which has been at an all time high of 600,000 men though some demobilization has gone on recently.

Clearly the arrangements were balanced and reasonable if—but only if—there was prompt negotiation and acceptance of an Austrian Treaty. Lacking that, the putting into force of the Italian Treaty means a weakened and disarmed Italy flanked by armies supporting Marshal Tito—and Marshal Tito has repeatedly stated his desire for more Italian territory.

We are pledged to a peace arrangement preserving the essential nationhood of Italy. Are we not under a duty to assure simultaneous withdrawal of armed forces in the region? In practice, this means seeing the rest of the peace settlement emerge before we force on Italy a defenseless position, and abandon our own right to defend to the United Nations—where a veto could prevent action.

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Or take Trieste. It is, as provided under the Treaty, set up as an international city whose boundary does not even take in its waterworks and electric plants, and many of whose workmen live outside, chiefly in Yugoslav territory, as it

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will work out. Tito has made no secret that he wants Trieste—though it is predominantly an Italian city. He has already tried the familiar tactics of infiltration, terrorism, and so forth.

Trieste is the Adriatic port not only for much of northern Italy but primarily for Yugoslavia, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and points north. If that trade is permitted to flow in its normal channels, Trieste lives and prospers. If not, it is a dead town. Just now, the United Nations is being asked to chip in five million dollars to support it—a third of the money, of course, coming from the United States. Even after World War I when a like settlement was made in Danzig, allied powers were not asked to subsidize the result.

Now the economic pattern for Central European trade is distinctly not settled. We do not yet know whether exclusive commercial and transit agreements will be permitted, forcing Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Austria to trade only with their eastern neighbors. It would be simple by such treaties to wipe Trieste off the economic map—unless she became a part of the eastern sphere of influence. It is equally possible, of course, that open trade and peaceful development of natural trade channels may be evolved. In the latter case, Trieste might emerge as a prosperous, free port, maintaining her international status, as the negotiators clearly intended. Even at that, the situation is not satisfactory from the Italian point of view. It would be a sacrifice towards general peace—a sacrifice perhaps worth making if peace were obtained. But agreement is not yet in sight. Worse still, there is doubt as to the will to make an agreement.

★

Or, take a look at the territorial clauses. Italy's northern neighbor is Austria. The boundary agreed on means one thing if it stays Austrian. But Yugoslavia, with Russian support, is asking for a piece of Austrian territory, an area called "Carinthia," which cuts a railroad line into Italy, and changes the relationship of the frontier line. We do not yet know what the result will be, though Tito's claim to it is extremely slim, and rests more on the power of his great ally than on its own right. Again, on the south a narrow strip of water separates Italy from the Greek peninsula—from Albania, in fact. The whole Greek question is in turmoil; and the clear indications are that there is a plan afoot. The plan is, briefly, to add one part of Greece to Albania, and to take a huge bite out of northern Greece including the city of Salonika, manufacturing the bite into a country to be called "Macedonia." These bites out of Greece are to go either to Yugoslavia, or to a young Balkan empire in the making to consist of a "South Slav Federation" made up of Yugoslavia, Albania, Bulgaria and the dismembered Greek territory. This empire, if all claims are successful, would run from the middle of Austria (Carinthia) on the north, to well down into Greece; and from the border of Trieste to the Black Sea. We know what kind of a country it would be—Marshal Tito showed us that. It would be comparable in strength to Italy—except that it would be fully armed and have a powerful ally—whereas Italy is defenseless.

Now add a couple of other items. Half of an old Italian-settled area known as Venezia Giulia is turned over by the Italian Treaty to Yugoslavia. This is perhaps the great human tragedy of the Treaty. Venezia Giulia has been Italian in civilization for centuries. The mere signing of the Treaty led thousands of Italian inhabitants to stream across into Italy, knowing very well what their fate would be if the Tito government took over. It is said that more than twenty thousand of them are refugees in Italy today—and more are coming.

This is one of the parts of the Treaty that ought to be revised if it is humanly possible to do it. Compensations could be worked out for the other sacrifices. But the Italian inhabitants of Venezia Giulia can never be fully compensated for the loss of their homes.

And add the fact that there is outstanding a Soviet claim to be the sole trustee for Italy's former African colony of Tripoli. She has not got it, of course—and it may be a claim put forwardly merely for trading purposes. But my own observation has been that the Soviet Union commonly means what she says; while she may relinquish a claim for the time being, she rarely stops working for it.

Put all this together and you see the ready possibility of an Italy virtually surrounded on three sides. Should we not know what we are doing before the transaction is closed?

★

Behind and below all this diplomatic façade there are millions of people on both sides of the line. These are Italians, and Slovenes, and Croats, and Serbs, and Albanians, and Greeks and Berbers. Left to themselves they make friends, live as neighbors, and find ready intercourse as human beings. If these areas had the same international relationships that the United States has with Canada, almost any kind of territorial arrangement would work out. We, for instance, could get up a terrible row about the fact that the Canadian city of Toronto controls some vital American trade lines. You could imagine international politicians whipping up enormous controversy. But Canada and the United States don't do that. Canadians and Americans work

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together and neither is afraid of the other. Canadian workmen cross the border to go to their jobs in Detroit, and no one bats an eyelash. Probably, if we could have real peace—the peace of good will, the peace of peoples, the peace that thinks of human beings and not of power politics—the arrangements of the Italian Treaty or perhaps of any other kind of treaty would be workable. Some of the arrangements would never have been made on that basis.

Our major task is to try to encourage the common and kindly instincts of people who want to get to work again. This is good Christianity, good diplomacy, and good sense.

I believe we may have a real opportunity for this in the next year or so. This is not sentimental: it is based on cold calculations.

After a big war, nationalist sentiment arises. Agitators, diplomats, politicians, exploit the natural bitterness of war, and the human hope that tangible advantage may be the result of war suffering. Ambitions are large. So it was after World War I, as well as now.

But, after a little time, people find that these large ideas do not work out. Their own houses need to be patched up; their own people need to be fed; their own work needs to be done. Then they begin to get back to reality. Passions die; common sense reasserts itself.

Conditions in Europe are beginning to enforce that common sense now. The Yugoslavia which bullied its neighbors is asking the American government for food. The Churchillian Britain is asking the United States to take over in Greece. The Soviet Union is wrestling with the problem of supporting her huge new international commitments at the same time that her own population is ill-fed and ill-supplied. All this adds up to a state of affairs in which everybody may stop making unreasonable claims and find that President Roosevelt's idea of a cooperative and generous peace is the only feasible way to make peace at all.

And it may be found that the great desire of peoples is to be let alone; and that peoples if they are let alone will find quite simple and decent human ways of living together. It may be that this is not far removed.

It is worth while preserving the chance that such a peace may be made. And, for that reason, it seems wise to delay ratification of the Italian Treaty. Perhaps, with the delay, the opportunity will arise to curb some of its more glaring injustices.

The Hero or the Man Nobody Sees

Denis de Rougemont

JUNIOR *Advertising Executive*: You are familiar of course, sir, with that series of colored photographic studies which graces our leading magazines and feature "The Man of Distinction." I am here to beg the honor of photographing you for this series.

Mr. B. (*a man who is in the news*): I presume that I shall have to put on a pink hunting-jacket, sit in this armchair, stare coldly into the camera and firmly grasp a highball?

Exec.: Precisely, and in this connection will you be kind enough to allow me . . . this case of whiskey comes with the compliments of the firm. We have been wanting to see you for a long time and it is only because your career keeps you so much on the move . . .

Mr. B.: Sit down, please, and let us talk. Exactly what do you mean by a man of distinction?

Exec.: Here is a list of the gentlemen who have been kind enough to pose for us. One glance at it will assure you that you are in good company.

Mr. B.: So you publish these pictures in order to sell your drink. Fine. The general idea seems clear. You persuade the reader to think: "If Mr. B., who is a man of distinction, drinks this whiskey, I too shall become distinguished if I drink it." By imitating a distinguished man you distinguish yourself. Now it seems to me that this simple little phrase contains a serious contradiction in terms. For how can one distinguish oneself through imitation? How can one become distinct through an effort to become like? And suppose you succeed in what you are trying to do, suppose everybody drinks your whiskey. Then, it no longer would be a distinguished whiskey. You would go out of business.

Exec.: Not at all. If that happy day ever comes, we shall simply change our slogan. Instead of saying: "Become a distinguished man by

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drinking Lord Nelson," we will say: "Drink what everybody else is drinking; drink Lord Nelson." That is the trick that makes us admen artists, and I guarantee—whether you want it or not—to make the art I serve, serve you.

Mr. B.: Yes, but in the process your men of distinction will have turned into the men of the common herd, an endless series of picture postcards showing specimens of the "Common Man." You see what a risk I would be taking.

Exec.: Up to this moment everyone in the limelight has run that risk with considerable calm. Actually, the risk is not excessive. Take the good old Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph: every coachman in every Viennese operetta—we see him still in all our films—makes himself up to look like Francis Joseph and wears the same side whiskers. Which never prevented the Emperor from remaining the emperor, a man of undeniable distinction.

Mr. B.: It is said, indeed that he was a very polite man. Politeness is the one quality known to me that both genuinely distinguishes a man yet leaves him true to the accepted type—although on this second point I am not quite sure. For, to conform to the best current models is a question, rather, of a man's sense of fitness. While to be truly polite calls for inventiveness and above all for courage, of which the first and basic element is self-possession. Actually, politeness is the first step toward heroism . . . and by the way, in your gallery of men of distinction, have you also any heroes?

Exec.: We are proud to have taken the picture of well-known Admiral Grandisson and of the celebrated General MacAlfred. However, as we are in a democratic country, we also included the pictures of a few thoroughly decorated GI's.

Mr. B.: Naturally. Of course you published this series during the war?

Exec.: Of course. Now with peace here, we are more inclined to use athletes, movie stars and prominent businessmen.

Mr. B.: In other words, people who can be imitated. During the war the idea was to persuade people to be heroic. This heroism was even made obligatory for millions of our contemporaries. That too was a contradiction. For the hero is the man of great courage, but even the greatest courage immediately ceases to be *the greatest* when it is officially prescribed. I may add that it is rarely popular. Perhaps we must go further and declare that, essentially, it must be unpopular. Or worse yet it can never even be visible to the masses—who create all popularity—since it is always unique, incomparable, extremely secret in its motivations; since it comes into existence always precisely at that instant when a man finds himself deprived of all the assurance available through example, hurled into a predicament without precedent, in which he most certainly would fail were he to turn for assistance to any existing model of conduct, even the noblest.

Exec.: You are fond, I see, of paradox. And what is your idea of the hero in our times?

Mr. B.: He will be a man, sir, whose photograph you will never take. And I go so far as to suggest that the idea of taking the photograph would never even occur to you. For our age knows only production lines putting out established models, whereas the true hero would be inimitable, impossible to turn out in series, without precedent and without future, running a risk created by himself alone, pursuing it to its consummation, without showing anything to the world outside—assisted solely by the strength he draws from himself. If the hero exists, he is *the man who is like no one else;* consequently, as a person, he is the invisible man; as an individual, he is the unnoticed man; he is noticed perhaps when he is disguised—that is to say, precisely for some trait which is not his and which keeps the world from taking notice of his real person.

Exec.: In such a case I would prefer to call him a failure or an egoist who refuses to play his part in society. If the hero be not surrounded with glory, who else will? The people will be disappointed, for we know their need to admire. But it's my turn now, most respectfully, to call your attention to a contradiction in terms. Now, when you speak of an unknown hero . . .

Mr. B.: I was waiting for you to say that. Take two physicists, two equally excellent physicists. Both of them, both on the same day, discover the secret of the atom bomb. But one of them refuses to exploit the secret, burns all his calculations, and quietly goes off to play pool, while the second seizes the opportunity for fame and becomes a national hero—recently you published his picture. Please note that the first man remains unknown, but he remains unknown for the precise reason that makes him a true hero. May I add that it is probably he who has best played his part in society.

Exec.: You will have to admit that your conception of the hero is totally devoid of sex appeal. Furthermore, if you seriously have for your ideal the hero you have just described—who, more simply, I would call the Great Misunderstood—you must be terribly unhappy.

Mr. B.: That is not subtle enough, and I still score a point. Any famous man will point out to you that he considers the real aim of his life misunderstood—unless he is extraordinarily vulgar and proud of the undeserved fame conferred upon him by publicity. But let us not go into these delicate shadings of scruple. The essential difference between the man you go to see because he is famous, and the hero whom no one *can* see, for the reasons I have just given, is that the former believes in luck and in happiness, while the latter believes in the necessity of salvation.

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Exec.: There again, I see no opposition nor serious difficulty. Were I a philosopher or a priest I would attempt to convince the public that true happiness is to be found in salvation. That would do the trick.

Mr. B.: Yet those who believed what you told them would quite possibly be lost; in any case they would have been tricked . . . I see that you do not understand. So here is an example. You have heard Kierkegaard mentioned, that Danish philosopher whom all your magazines feel obliged to quote, and about whom some of them already are taking the liberty of speaking. Only the other day, one of them asked me for his address. It was with pleasure that I gave it. It is a flat stone in a Danish cemetery on which one may read these words: "The Solitary." That man did not believe in happiness, but in salvation. He did not believe in the masses, but in personal courage. Nor did he believe that this personal courage could be taught the masses—through press, radio, advertising—so successfully, so thoroughly, as finally to produce personal courage *en masse,* and the possibility, generally speaking, of mixing all values together with impunity. You see, this man Kierkegaard was the perfect type of the inadaptable, the social outcast, the scab, the man who refuses to understand, the impenitent negativist who stays in his little corner and says *no* with deep and sincere passion. He was so distinct from others, he had such "distinction," that they say he died of it. He can no longer be interviewed, and that is where he is fortunate. For people like you would never rest until you had dragged him in front of a microphone and made him explain to the multitudes his great and central idea—which was that nothing whatever of importance can be explained to the multitudes, as such. The "Solitary's" radio hour would be listened to each Sunday by forty million people yearning, every one of them, to do exactly what his neighbor does. . . . Just imagine his ironical, despairing and supreme peroration: "Do as I have done. Be all of you the Exception!"

Exec.: What a wonderful line for an ad. Listen, your photograph is going to be good; we took it while you were talking your favorite subject. You had animation, you had dynamism; you were completely informal—it is going to be grand.

(*In a violent rage Mr. B. picks up a whiskey bottle and smashes the camera.*)

Exec.: Congratulations, sir. I bet that that little gesture of yours will be as useful for your publicity as a full-page, colored photo. We'll take that some other day. (*He starts to go out.*)

(*Mr. B. reaches for another bottle, but Exec. is out of range. Slowly he pours himself a long drink.*)

A Reply to Schuschnigg

NORMAN THOMAS

IN ITS ISSUE of April 4, 1947, THE COMMONWEAL carried a dignified article by Dr. von Schuschnigg, former Chancellor of Austria, under the heading "Austrian Apologia." More accurately it is the apologia of the Dollfuss-Schuschnigg régime, which was universally regarded as fascist. It was a dictatorship mild in comparison to Hitler's, pro-, rather than anti-clerical, and anti-Semitic only in moderate degree. One has respect for Dr. von Schuschnigg's steady opposition to Hitler and for his own tragedy and his country's. Regard, however, for historical accuracy and an even greater concern that democracy and fascism should not be confused lead me to present a view of Austrian history in many respects at variance with Dr. von Schuschnigg's version.

I do not write as a defender of every act of Austrian Socialists or of the Austrian Socialist Party. In the desperate circumstances of little Austria it was a reflection on all parties that men with a common regard for decency could not reach a working agreement, or more fundamentally that the city workers of Vienna and the peasants of the countryside did not realize their community of interest.

Dr. von Schuschnigg would probably agree with me that the nature of the peace imposed on Austria and the subsequent attitude of the Western Powers toward her might have determined her fate beyond any capacity of the little nation to change it. I have always thought that it would have been better for Europe and the world's peace if the old Austria-Hungary, with some rectifications of boundaries, had been reconstituted as a great Switzerland with autonomous states or cantons, but with a customs' union and a common organization of defense. If that was impossible, then Austria's hope lay in a Danubian economic federation, or in Anschluss with a democratic Germany. As it was, Austria, to an even greater degree than the other succession states, was burdened with customs duties and a military establishment which she lacked the economic resources to support. (In an even greater degree these observations apply to the present poor but democratic little country with which the Russian dictatorship refuses to allow a decent peace. In some respects the British and French terms would be but little better than the Russian.)

As it was, the city of Vienna, largely cut off from the base of its greatness, made an astonishing recovery under a socialist administration which was generally regarded as a model of what good municipal government might do for the people. Its program of housing and social serv-

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ices was universally praised except among the most rigorous capitalist defenders of the absolute rights of private property.

The national government was far more unfortunate because of the external pressures and the internal divisions to which Dr. von Schuschnigg refers. He now deplores the fact that Austria was divided not only by parties but by private or "paramilitary" armies which the Austrian Government failed to prohibit. He neglects to tell his readers that the strongest and most aggressive of these armies was the Heimwehr, avowedly fascist, although at least until 1936 or 1937, in the majority, anti-nazi. Dollfuss came to power well before Hitler, and, quite in contradiction to Dr. von Schuschnigg's statement, he came to power practically on the basis of the Heimwehr's program and with the support of the Heimwehr. The most prominent Heimwehr leaders were members of his government. Major Fey became Secretary of the Interior in the fall of 1932, months before Hitler became Chancellor of Germany. In May, 1934, the leader of the Heimwehr, Prince Starhemberg became Vice-Chancellor, an office which he held under von Schuschnigg until the spring of 1936 when the British forced his resignation because he congratulated Mussolini after the capture of Addis-Abbaba (Ethiopia). Starhemberg also was for a considerable time the head of the Fatherland Front, the sole legal "party" under von Schuschnigg.

Throughout there was an extraordinary dependence of Austrian fascism upon Italian. In his apologia Dr. von Schuschnigg admits and seeks to justify Dollfuss's appeal to Mussolini for help. To understand socialist feeling in Vienna one must remember that at the time Mussolini rather than Hitler was regarded as the founder of fascism. He was the renegade socialist, the murderer of Matteotti and countless others, the strutting tyrant, who openly proclaimed his intention to create a new Roman Empire.

Dr. von Schuschnigg implies that the Dollfuss dictatorship came to power legally. (So, by the way, did Hitler.) Actually the legality of the process rested on a very strange interpretation of Austrian law and was completely undemocratic. Dollfuss governed under what von Schuschnigg calls "emergency, wartime powers." These were powers granted to the Imperial government of old Austria in 1917 for use in the First World War. A well informed Austrian Socialist, now in this country, writes me: "For years no decree had been issued on the basis of that old law. Only when Dollfuss prepared his dictatorship in the fall of 1932, Minister of Justice Schuschnigg issued the first decree of this sort. And later, the government made it impossible that the Supreme Court (*Verfassungsgerichtshof*) should pass judgment on the constitutionality of such a decree by another of the infamous emergency decrees. This step was taken in the spring of 1933—many months before the so-called uprising of the Austrian workers."

Under the Dollfuss-Schuschnigg régime there soon was but one legal party and stringent controls were put on freedom of speech and assembly. In the February crisis of 1935 the government dissolved the federation of free Austrian trade unions and confiscated their assets. They set up a kind of labor front for which they appointed all the leaders. Dr. von Schuschnigg discredits his own capacity for straight thinking and speaking when he writes so absurd a sentence as this: "The trade unions remained free organizations, *but their leadership was government-appointed.*" (Italics mine—N.T.) He says this was "temporary" but it lasted until the nazis took over.

I shall never forget a conversation that I had in 1937 with a tram car guard with whom I talked in his home in the repaired and renamed Karl Marx House which had been seriously injured by Dollfuss's cannon. The worker was certainly no underground member of the Socialist Party. I do not think that he was a nazi. He wore on his working coat the colors of the Fatherland Front. He said that he had to wear them there but, he dramatically exclaimed, "never in my heart." Whether or not at the end of Schuschnigg's rule the majority of the Austrians welcomed Hitler, it is certain that the Austrian dictatorship, although it was by virtue of weakness or conscience far milder than Hitler's, never had a wide basis of popular support. Least of all after February, 1935.

★

It is very important to correct Dr. von Schuschnigg's repeated assertions that courts and juries were free under his régime. The Dollfuss constitution, itself established by emergency decree, abolished the provision that judges could not be removed by the government. Juries were also abolished by emergency decree. Acts of police authorities were not subject to court review; thus the police were able to arrest people and send them to concentration camps without legal trial. I, myself, talked to several distinguished Austrians, one of them the beloved Mayor of Vienna in its happier days, who had long been held under most uncomfortable conditions without trial. It is quite true that Austrian "justice" was far less horrible than Hitler's, but it is a sad commentary on our times that such a statement should pass for virtue. It may be true, as Dr. von Schuschnigg says, that "no government agency ever pronounced or asked for a death sentence in Austria." Unfortunately, however, for the impression he wishes to give, on March 26, 1947,

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Miklas, the titular President of Austria during the Dollfuss-Schuschnigg régime, admitted that the government prevented him from exercising his nominal right to pardon people sentenced to death.

Dr. von Schuschnigg asserts that the Socialists continued to support the Anschluss after Hitler came into power. This seems to be one of his principal reasons for condemning them. As a matter of fact the social-democratic Parliamentary group officially repudiated Anschluss as a goal of socialist democratic policy in April, 1933. In the fall of the year the last convention of the Party which the Dollfuss-Schuschnigg régime permitted to be held officially struck Anchluss from its program.

Dr. von Schuschnigg ignores or minimizes the grave provocations that led to the rising of February, 1935, but in his article and still more in his reply to questions at the Town Hall he made some admissions which reflect adversely on the competence of the Dollfuss régime. Thus, what sort of a situation was it that permitted the police in Linz "without any special orders from the government" to search Socialist quarters for illegal arms? Did the government not know that in view of its open support of another private army, the Heimwehr, this might be a provocative act? And did not the good Doctor admit by the apologetic tone of his article, and still more by his remarks at Town Hall, that it was extraordinarily bad policing which permitted an ill-led and incompetent army to turn cannon on a small force of armed workers in houses which by no means gave their possessors any substantial control over Vienna? That act by its weakness or its cruelty, or both, actually played into the hands of Austrian nazis by the contempt and anger which it aroused. It was under the most lenient interpretation the kind of folly which prepared the way for the more ruthless totalitarianism of the nazis. This was evident to me from what I heard in 1937.

Even if one should accept Dr. von Schuschnigg's good intentions at their face value, the great lesson to be learned is that democracy or just ordinarily decent government cannot be saved by resort to a relatively mild and ineffective version of fascism.

Communications

ST. JOHN'S, ANNAPOLIS

Annapolis, Md.

TO the Editors: Ten years ago I wrote for THE COMMONWEAL an account of the new program then just getting under way at St. John's College in Annapolis. That program has since received wide notice, so that I shall not attempt to describe it again except to say that it has not changed. It embodies the traditional humanities—the Trivium and Quadrivium of the Schools in the Middle Ages. It also includes a good, hard course in mathematics and a good deal of Saint Thomas Aquinas and Saints Augustine and Bonaventure, which I for one envy the St. John's student the obligation to read.

During the past week a new president of the college has been named, Mr. John Spangler Kieffer, Harvard M.A., who has been head of the classics department at St. John's since 1929 and has done much toward the establishment of the present program. Mr. Stringfellow Barr and Mr. Scott Buchanan, who headed the program originally as president and dean of St. John's, have recently left to found a companion college in the Berkshires for which Mr. Paul Mellon has donated over three million dollars. As Mr. Mellon followed the courses himself at St. John's as an amateur, his gift speaks well for the value of the program to one mature mind.

Last year St. John's almost succumbed to a concerted drive by several Navy Department representatives. Their statements indicated an impelling necessity for the condemnation and acquisition of St. John's, which adjoins the Naval Academy, in order to have *lebensraum* for expansion. Fortunately for the future of St. John's and for the preservation of a fine old campus and several familiar landmarks—McDowell and Humphreys Halls and Pinckney House—Congress did not approve of the recommendation.

The uncertainty during the past several years caused by the threat of being submerged by the tide of Naval Academy expansion has hampered St. John's plans. Naturally, it has discouraged any prospective donor from making any endowment. This year, however, with the removal of the threat, there has been an increase of seventy-eight students over last year's number. The present student body is 253. The number of graduates has been infinitesimal because of the war. The first new plan graduates in the class of '41 numbered six. In '42 and '43 there were sixteen and fifteen but thereafter the number dwindled until there were but three in '46. Of these new plan alumni, eight have taken graduate work, for the most part in mathematics and theology. There is one graduate who is studying philosophy at Notre Dame and another who is doing studies in Semitic language at Harvard.

After the lean years of war the old college under its new president deserves better fortune and the best wishes of all who believe that the good things of our civilization are largely dependent upon the best traditions of the past.

W. A. P. MARTIN.

DESERT JOURNEY

Riverhead, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Anne Fremantle's "Desert Journey," April 18, is an interesting note on the work of the White Fathers and White Sisters in North Africa. Both communities are hoping for American vocations. For this purpose the White Fathers have three homes in the United States: for college men at Belleville, Ill. (opened 1947); for philosophers at Alexandria Bay, N. Y., in the Ogdensburg Diocese (1941); and at Bethesda, Md.,

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a home of studies for the men who attend the Catholic University (1944). Four Americans expect to leave Alexandria Bay this fall for their novitiate at Maison Carrée. The White Sisters have an American home in the Trenton Diocese at Metuchen, N. J.

The White Fathers and the White Sisters have a vast mission field spread from the Mediterranean littoral, through the Atlas Mountains and the desert to the Congo and the East and West Coasts of Africa. Before the war they depended almost entirely on European vocations.

The Rev. Richard H. J. Hanley.

ART AND MATTER

East Aurora, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Father King's article was a fine one, hailed joyously by my family. We thought you could offer practical help to artists and families by printing the names of those artists who would do such original religious work as Father King suggests. I am sure they would find an eager response.

I have looked through all the religious bookstores in Buffalo, and many in New York, and been unable to find a statue or picture I wouldn't be ashamed of.

Mrs. Kevin Kennedy.

LONDON'S WOE

31 Farm Street,
Berkeley Square, London, W.1

TO the Editors: I run this forwarding scheme for *The Month,* to supply isolated foreign missions with good reading matter. I was yesterday given some issues of The Commonweal. Glancing at these, I read an article on "London's Woe" and was amazed that any paper of standing could have published such an entirely misleading article. I have never read more misstatements in one short—or long—article. With the word "London" deleted from the text, I can confidentially say *no* Londoner would ever guess the article purported to portray this city and its people.

Our food is sufficient and good. I have never heard of anyone going short—far less being hungry. We all ask our friends to our houses, and visit theirs. And I have never seen any of the gloom of which your contributor speaks. I find cheerfulness abounds everywhere. The complete untruth about our having no shell eggs—her hostess had had nothing but dried eggs for years, she said—is just sheer rubbish. We have regular supplies of shell eggs, on an average of one a week per person, throughout the country, *and have had for years*—sometimes one gets two a week.

I cannot pass on your journal to any foreign missionary station, for it gives *so* untrue a picture of the city in which I have lived all my life, but must regretfully consign that number of it for waste paper salvage instead.

The Honorable Secretary,
The Month Forwarding Scheme.

FOOD PARCELS

FROM time to time The Commonweal *has published names and addresses of needy persons and institutions*

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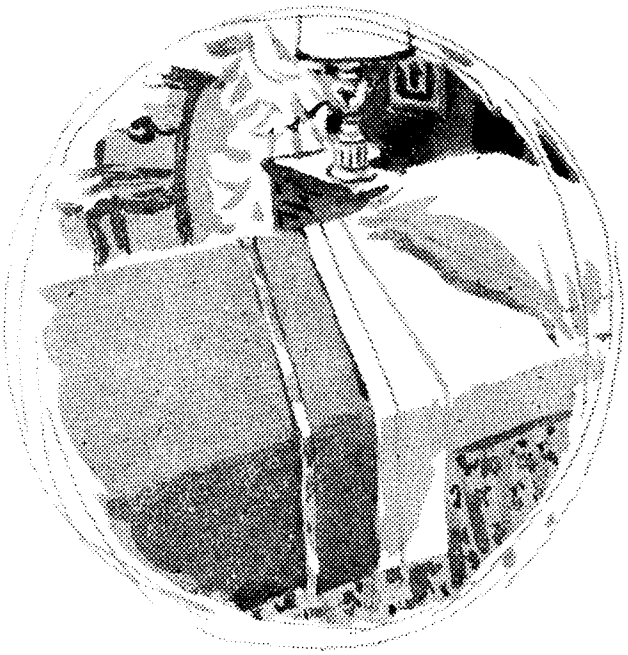

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in Europe to which to send food packages. Conditions have improved here and there to some extent, but from now until the next harvest help from abroad is urgently required. Readers have brought to our attention the following addresses for American food packages:

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Via XX Settembre 3
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Hermann Hoffman
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Leipzig W. 33, Germany

Rev. Franz Zimmerl
Geblergasse 45
Vienna XVII, Austria

Mrs. Anna Hesslein
Werdenbergerstrasse 16
Bludenz, Vorarlb., Austria

Familie Paul Gunkel
9 Katharinenstrasse
Lübeck, Germany

Miss Pia Gorska
Marshalkowska, No. 1
Milanowek (near Warsaw)
Poland

Local post office authorities can be consulted for the latest regulations as to weight, dimensions, etc., of these packages; or aid can be rendered more promptly from American surplus stocks abroad by sending $10 *for each package to CARE,* 50 *Broad Street, New York* 4, *N. Y.*

THE EDITORS.

The Stage & Screen

End-Of-Season Note

HAVING put off until this date—by dint of the most conscientious heroism—my yearly "common cold," I have regretfully only two short announcements for the week:

Ballet Theatre: A spring season of three weeks at the City Centers includes almost all of the Tudor pieces, some intriguing de Mille works, and Michael Kidd's "On Stage" among an extensive repertoire. I thought the company delightfully smooth, the difficult stage well handled, and the orchestra, buried as usual in the Center's awful pit, doing an astonishing job. (*At the City Center.*)

The Telephone and The Medium: Trusted opinion assures me that their Broadway enlargement has not in any way fumbled these Gian-Carlo Menotti pieces. I mean surely to see for myself, but in the meantime can only reiterate that "The Medium" seems to me one of the most seriously interesting offerings of the year. Please go. (*At the Ethel Barrymore*).

KAPPO PHELAN.

But Is It Cinema?

TWO NEW MOVIES, obviously designed to bring culture to the masses, were also designed to impress the masses' ears more than their eyes. And when the motion picture begins to consider the sound track more important than the camera, that is when this reviewer should have stood in bed.

From the musical point of view, I have little argument with "Carnegie Hall," except that I should have preferred more of the unusual and less of the standard (though highly respected) works of the great composers. The recording is excellent, and the artists, gathered for the various concert performances that take place in Carnegie Hall during the course of the movie, constitute probably the biggest and best collection of talent ever assembled for one picture. But there is only so much that a camera can do while fine singers like Lily Pons, Risë Stevens, and Ezio Pinza sing and fine musicians like Artur Rubinstein, Gregor Piatigorsky and Jascha Heifetz play. The camera lets them sing and play; and the main advantage that this movie has over a radio concert is that you can see these artists as they perform and such men as Damrosch, Walter, Rodzinski and Stokowski as they conduct their orchestras. This picture offers a splendid opportunity for students and music-lovers to listen and watch techniques. But these audiences may resent the intrusion of a plot and a whole series of corny situations centering about Nora (Marsha Hunt) who works at Carnegie Hall through the years—very many years. After her husband's death, she raises her son (William Prince) to be a musician; and the moral of all this seems to be: you can lead a boy to Carnegie Hall, but you cannot make him play classical music. Frank McHugh, Martha O'Driscoll and various other actors help these leads put over the stilted dialogue that comes up between the concerts. Boris Morros and William LeBaron spared no expense on their good production, much of which was actually photographed in Carnegie Hall. Director Edgar G. Ulmer probably did the best he could to make a motion picture out of the material he had.

From Italy has come the first full-length movie version of an opera; and as such "The Barber of Seville" deserves more than passing attention. Musically, the picture is a delight. Ferrucio Tagliavini as Almaviva, Tito Gobbi as Figaro, Italo Tajo as Don Basilio and Nelly Corradi as a very attractive Rosina, and Guiseppe Morelli's conducting of the orchestra and chorus of the Rome Opera House provide a real treat for music-lovers. But movie-goers still have to contend with a plot that gets awfully involved over the antics of Count Almaviva to win the lovely ward of Don Basilio with the help of Figaro. English sub-titles translate the Italian as the story slowly progresses. And at the beginning of each act, Deems Taylor makes an appearance to explain the action. At first Mr. Taylor takes himself pretty seriously; but by the time of his third appearance he realizes the absurdity of this and even he begins to kid the plot. Mario Costa, who directed the action of the opera, made little attempt to use cinematic techniques—so the whole, while exceedingly pleasant to listen to, is little more than a well-filmed play. I doubt if this story could have been translated into real cinema. I doubt if it's worth translating.

In connection with both of these pictures I should like to submit a comment made by a Swedish newspaper about "Carnegie Hall" after its premiere in Stockholm: "One could sit with closed eyes and still be satisfied." I'm sure this critic meant to praise the picture; but his statement succinctly summarizes exactly what is wrong with movies that glorify the sound track.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Sister Margit

HAL LEHRMAN

SISTER MARGIT SLACHTA is sixty-one. Silver hair pulled back flat and tight into a knot makes her small face look smaller, and highlights the twinkle in her eye. The twinkle gives her away. It doesn't match the solemn grey convent dress she wears, or the emblem of a white dove dangling from a steel necklace on her bosom where a row of decorations ought to be. Her voice is gentle, but it has been heard across Europe—and even in America where the Order which she founded has several houses in the West.

The center of the Sisterhood of Social Service of which Sister Margit is the creator and world superior is a dumpy, grey building, topped by a cupola and a cross, at the corner of Stefania and Thokoly Avenues in Budapest. The gateway has a placard with the single word "Monastery" in Russian—a memento from the first days of Soviet liberation, when religious buildings wore special notices to keep off Red Army looters.

The convent is the best "hotel" in the still shell-battered Hungarian capital. During the winter it manages to produce hot water twice a week despite the coal shortage, and the radiators are sometimes known to come to life when the chills drop below zero. Most transient Americans stay there. A batch of girls from the State Department's mission to Hungary occupies the third floor. Occasionally there are even a few stray correspondents, carefully sequestered on the ground floor; but they usually move out to less hallowed ground because the convent's mood of persistent kindness is too much for their sinful souls.

Sister Margit has been a rebel so long that Hungary would be shocked if she began conforming at this late date. As a girl in her native Kassa (now part of Slovakia) she was expected to train herself for the ornamental existence suitable to a young lady descended from twelfth-century Hungarian nobility and Polish kings. But she insisted on earning diplomas as a qualified teacher of history, literature, Hungarian, German and French. Then, instead of the schoolroom, she turned to the slums.

She began her social welfare career before she was twenty. Her first self-imposed assignment was scrubbing the lice out of the heads of Gypsy children. At twenty-four she became the first Sister to take the vows in a new religious order called the Social Mission Association. She chose this society because its rules permitted members to live in the world rather than apart from it. To her, religion seemed a vocation for doing concrete good here and now.

In 1909 she made her first speech, on woman's rights in industry. It was also the first speech by any woman to a public meeting in Hungary. She was petite and beautiful then, "like a French doll." She progressed steadily from organizing women for social service to organizing them for political action. In 1918, with capture by women of the right to vote, her Christian Women's Camp went into the national elections. Sister Margit went forth to preach that women should vote for women.

The Hungarian Communist Revolution interrupted the test of this novel strategy. She disagreed with the new régime, of course. But, characteristically, she ob-

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tained authorization to set up an agricultural cooperative, rented some land on the Buda side of Budapest and began farming with 100 farmhands, counts, priests, ex-bureaucrats, intellectuals and other disgruntled have-nots. Visiting commissars found her in the fields with the rest, since the rules of her Order prescribe manual labor daily (even now she washes the dishes each morning).

The communists fell. The Rumanians occupied the country. Sister Margit kept objecting. The Rumanians prohibited meetings, so she led a parade of 35,000 people in a silent protest march through central Budapest. (The filming of this procession constituted the first Hungarian newsreel, another "first" in the little Sister's precedent-making career.)

Then came the "Christian" régime of Admiral Horthy —and this, too, failed to sweeten Sister Margit's public disposition. It was the time of the so-called "White Terror," when the Hungarian proto-fascists became the first in Europe to discover that "Down with Communism" was a convenient slogan for persecuting democrats and Jews. She pilloried the "Christian" régime as very un-Christian and won her first claim to the gratitude of the Jews by her brave denunciation of pogroms.

The postponed elections finally came off in 1920. Sister Margit ran against three men in her district, one of them a big-wig in the government party. Her opponents didn't have a chance. The Camp mobilized an army of women for campaign work. Their heroine won an absolute majority.

Her first speech to parliament laced into the smug upper classes for the high death-rate among workers' children. She urged and secured parliamentary vote for a nursing system in Hungarian schools. She disapproved of horse-racing, but proposed an increase in the betting tax for charity; today the race track is Budapest's main source of income for poor-relief.

The champion of women's rights favored the including of women in land distribution under the agrarian reform bill. She believed in women's obligations, too, and insisted that women should be included in a law against black-marketeers. In one of her best speeches in Parliament she demanded more humane treatment for political prisoners. (In those days the prisoners were the communists whom now she is assailing for brutal treatment of *their* prisoners.)

Then came Sister Margit's great rebellion inside her Order. She was a die-hard Royalist. She thought that all Hungary's woes stemmed directly from the Battle of Budaors in 1921 when the troops of Admiral Horthy squelched King Karl's attempt to regain the throne. Inconveniently, her Mother Superior happened to be a great admirer of Horthy. Margit was told she might continue her political work only if she promised to refrain from advocating a restoration of the monarchy. She refused. She stopped going to Parliament. The disagreement between the two women widened into a total breach over the whole issue of secular activity. Finally Margit marched off with half the community and founded her Sisterhood of Social Service.

The new order was penniless. Everything had been left with the other group. All the Sisters therefore went to America for two years and found jobs as domestics, governesses or seamstresses to earn some money.

Sister Margit—"my English it is funny but the people were very kind with me"—spent the time lecturing back and forth across the United States. The other Sisters showed me a fat book of faded American press clippings. The little Hungarian noblewoman evidently made a big impression on the church societies and women's clubs of that day. In 1939 the pro-Nazi Hungarian Government passed a law ousting Jews from nearly all public and private employment. The Women's Camp held mass meetings, signed petitions, and deluged the authorities with protests. "We made the people ashamed of themselves," one of the Sisters told me, "but the government was too much under German influence to protect the nation's honor. Parliament passed one anti-Semitic law after another as if it had nothing else to do except torment the Jews."

One evening Sister Margit stood up in front of a great public meeting at the Hotel Gellert and denounced the pro-nazi tendencies of the State. The infuriated Germans forced the Foreign Ministry to bring her into court for this. She was sentenced, she appealed, she was resentenced, she re-appealed, and the Supreme Court dismissed the charge. When a land "reform" law was promulgated dispossessing Jews from their estates and farms, Sister Margit wrote and distributed a thunderous pamphlet of protest. For this she was again brought to trial, condemned twice and finally acquitted.

Sister Margit knew she would have to make a great decision the day the Germans openly converted Hungary from a puppet into an occupied country on March 19, 1944. "I saw I would have to choose between the laws of God and the laws of my country," she said quietly, as she handed me a very unheroic cup of tea. When the expected wave of direct physical persecution of the Jews broke, she was ready.

The cellar of the convent had been stocked with heavy provisions for the twenty-four Sisters, sixteen novices and twenty paying old ladies who were the permanent residents. The venerable boarders and all but ten of the Sisters were evacuated to the country. Four buildings surrounding the convent were taken over and placed under the protection of a variety of neutral foreign interests including the Swedish Red Cross, the Swedish and Swiss legations and the Papal Legate. An emergency marketing drive quickly filled the other basements with rations. Organizations and amateur pimpernels working at the rescue of Jews from murder and deportation were notified that shelter was available.

Before long the group of hiding-places under Sister Margit's care was crammed to the attics with hundreds of the hunted.

When every last bathtub was occupied and there was no room for more, the Sisters perfected a technique for spiriting their charges out of Budapest to the remote provinces. Sister Margit sanctioned the wholesale manufacture of false identity papers, the dressing of refugee women in robes of the Order, the smuggling out of men in wardrobe trunks and children in suitcases. The Sisters developed a passionate interest in tourism and became a familiar sight at Budapest railway stations.

As the anti-Jewish drive swelled in ferocity, the ingenuity of the Sisters kept pace. The police, struck by the suspicious quantity of seemingly bona-fide "nuns" taking extensive holiday trips, began propounding tricky

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questions to test the Catholicism of the travelers. Several Jewesses did not know that they had to reply "bishop" and not "priest" when asked who had confirmed them, or that there are *seven* sacraments, not to be confused with the *three* members of the Holy Trinity. The "nuns" were caught. The Convent thereupon opened a course in "basic religion" for prospective escapees, "briefing" them thoroughly in ritual before each getaway.

Until almost the end, Sister Margit's "fortress" was safe under the protection of the Papal Legate and the Red Cross. It was the only building in Budapest which dared not to fly the national flag when the Reich Foreign Minister, von Ribbentrop, visited the city.

The Germans broke in only once. They dragged away twenty Jews to Gestapo headquarters. A sharp diplomatic protest followed within the hour. The Germans had to yield or tangle inconveniently with Stockholm and the Vatican. As a face-saver, the prisoners were transferred to an Hungarian police jail and from there brought back to the Convent. Delivering them over, the Chief Police Inspector told Sister Margit: "The government cannot guarantee indefinite immunity for you. It would be safer for the Sisters if you promised now to send all these people away." The little Superior gravely replied: "I will not promise this. We are more afraid of God than of your government." The Chief Inspector bowed and quietly went away.

But security at last came to an end. The Russian siege of the capital began in December of 1944. It lasted seven weeks. The Arrow Cross, worst of the Hungarian fascist groups, was in power. With shells and bombs crashing into the city day and night, gangs of nazi hoodlums ran amok. They massacred 30,000 Jews before the Russians entered.

During this terrible period the refugees went into total concealment. It was impossible to evacuate them because the city was surrounded by an inner ring of German troops and an outer ring of Russians. All exits from the capital led to the battle front. The Sisters locked some of the refugees up in coal bins below ground. Others lived for weeks in clothes closets. The convent also had some medieval peculiarities in its construction. These became hideaways too. I inspected them, but Sister Margit didn't want me to go into details. "We might need them again some day," she explained.

The nazis came for Sister Margit herself five days before Budapest fell. She is convinced that divine intervention saved her. When they came in she was upstairs busy with household matters. While they searched, she went about from one room to another unconscious of her danger. The Nazis came in through one door, she went out through another—like a Mack Sennett two-reeler.

That night she took refuge with the Dominican Fathers a few streets away. The nazis came back in the morning. They tortured two of the Sisters and beat up a few others but failed to extort a clue. When the Russians arrived, Sister Margit was already back at the door to greet them.

Immediately after liberation the dispersed Sisters flocked together and launched an emergency drive to relieve the acute misery in Budapest. They set up first-aid kitchens and day homes; they organized barter exchanges where one could swap furniture for food and paintings for shoes; they collected cast-off clothing for people who had lost everything in the siege; they distributed seeds for truck-gardening; and they did a hundred other things to help.

But Sister Margit kept an eye cocked on the goings-on in the outside world. Within two weeks of the Germans' departure she asked the leftist government for permission to resume her newspaper. The new régime anticipated little support from the Catholic Royalist. The reply was that no paper was available.

Sister Margit kept on requesting, month after month. Finally a first number was allowed to appear in September. The new régime was right. "The Voice of the Soul" cried out passionately against the activities of the political police which, in genuine zeal to purge Hungary of the fascists, of whom there are many, had borrowed a bit too much of the Gestapo technique. The government, said Margit, was confusing mere opponents of the régime with enemies of the country. She demanded that the guilty be tried and the innocent let free.

This outburst naturally failed to endear her to the authorities. Margit's application for admission of the revived Women's Camp to the Budapest municipal elections was rejected. She then ran on the ticket of the Smallholder Party, which won a landslide victory over the Communist-Social Democrat coalition. The Smallholders would have won anyway, but the name of Slachta undoubtedly added many votes to their total.

In the Parliamentary elections a month later, the Agrarians declined to accept her on their lists. They said they didn't want too big a majority, because the country needed an all-party fusion government. (Actually, the Soviet Occupation Army ignored the results of the elections and maintained the communists in key positions of power.) Sister Margit joined the Citizens' Democratic Party, a splinter group opposed to the communists, and got herself elected anyway.

In present-day Budapest, Margit is labeled a reactionary. Well, it's true she detests leftism and has a very small opinion of Karl Marx. But she is passionately radical in the cause of individual freedom. I lived in her convent for a week and learned to know her well. In our last conversation I asked her what she considered the most outstanding event of her unorthodox career. "In 1943," she replied, "my Sisters had to elect a Superior for the Hungarian branch. This was during the dark and brutal days of fascism. They picked Paula Ronai. Sister Paula was born a Jewess."

Books of the Week

Fabulous Voyager. Richard M. Kain. Chicago. $4.00.

WE HAVE needed for a long time a book on "Ulysses" of the spirit and affability of Mr. Kain's "Fabulous Voyager." Mr. Kain's chief purpose is to get other people to read "Ulysses." He assumes as accomplished the exploration of the more esoteric elements in the book, particularly its parallels in myth and its techniques; he concentrates on the "content" and offers to a wider public than the book has had such enjoyments as the pathetic-comic characterization of Leopold Bloom and the common city-life in which this record of "the dailiest day possible" is completely soaked.

He is at his best with the countless minutiae which are the very blood-cells of Joyce's hero and Joyce's city. He has studied the actual editions of the Dublin newspapers for June 16, 1904, and traced the recurrence of such details as sporting events and theatrical billings in Bloom's

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mind throughout the day. ("Upon four pages of newsprint Joyce has erected the foundations of his fictional world!") He has traced the geographical lines of Bloom's odyssey to the very street-numbers by studying Thom's "Dublin Directory." Out of all this comes not only confirmation of the genius of Joyce's rhythms of repetition in his interior monologues, their plausibility and their exactness of timing and reference, but the underlying layers and layers of human life from which almost every passage in this novel draws its juices.

Mr. Kain is eager to bring our attention to this wealth, and so perhaps he overstates his dissatisfaction with those who have been concerned chiefly with the "form" of "Ulysses," particularly with its Homeric parallels. I think that one goes too far to say that "in Molly Bloom's soliloquy, Homer is entirely forgotten," or that the "view" of modern society in that monologue is "psychoanalytic." The homecoming is surely the resolution of the book, and it is not only in Bloom's climbing through the window but in Molly's turning, in the only terms she knows, toward a promise of fulfilment in Stephen, whom Bloom has brought home with him: it is the flesh asking for the visitation of something beyond itself, and in that promise Leopold Bloom is home. The Homeric parallel is inescapable. To read that final chapter as "psychoanalytic" is to miss an important *action* in the novel. As a result, both Molly Bloom and Stephen Dedaelus are inadequately and rather thinly represented in Mr. Kain's book; both the sexual and the intellectual rôles are read in naturalistic terms (how little we see what a terrible thing it is to have "the cursed jesuit strain" "injected the wrong way"), and their converging dynamic in the pattern of the epic is thus lost.

I am not suggesting that Mr. Kain's reading is the result of any oversight. His interpretation is systematically on the naturalistic level, and it is consistent; and we have more reasons to be grateful for it than to regret it. There is no better way to see the richness of Joyce's texture, and—because it locks us *within* Joyce's irony—no better view of the novel in its comic terms, free of other overtones: it is almost slapstick. Mr. Kain gives us all this. To suggest that, in another perspective, "Ulysses" has even greater depths of pathos and even a sharper bite to its satire is only to suggest to Mr. Kain's readers that they go on, as he wants them to, to the book itself and to further studies of it. If any introduction to "Ulysses" can be counted on to awaken such a lively and genuine interest, it is "Fabulous Voyager." HENRY RAGO.

In This Thy Day. Michael McLaverty. Macmillan. $2.50.

HERE AGAIN we have an Irish novel too fine, and too subtle, for the crass intelligence of some of our New York reviewers.

On the day the story opens, Ned Mason's father dies, and according to the ancient, rigid way of the Irish peasantry, his little farm passes to the widow. Father Toner had argued against this, had pleaded with the old man, urging him to leave the land to Ned, his 33-year-old son, so that the son might marry before he was "too old and too cold to have children." Father Toner had been preaching for years against the blight of late marriages that all Ireland was suffering from; in his own parish there were more old men than children, and the time was only half a century off, he estimated, when the parish would disappear. But, save those who took offense, nobody listened to Father Toner; least of all Paddy Joe Mason who, loyal to an outworn tradition, signed before witnesses the age-old formula: "I leave all my possessions to my wife for her day." And so now the widow has her day, a woman with a purblind faith in her own wisdom, her own dignity and, above all her own impeccability.

This is the story of that puffed up woman's day. Everything she does is for the good of her son; so she tells herself, and so she believes—with what consequences Mr. McLaverty unfolds to us in this beautifully wrought story.

It's a quietly told story. Its movement is unhurried, and there is in it no violence and no vulgarity; and so, as you may have read, there isn't any "action." It's true there isn't any wild running about; being Irish peasants, these fine people know how to bear patiently with life. But, what compensates for this—though it takes a certain sensitive intelligence to perceive it—there is here a swift gathering of forces, a quick rise and gradual easing of tensions, an instant, gripping response to ideas, a constant change in color and atmosphere. This is the essence of McLaverty's art; and it belongs, of course, to a very high order of literary art. Of its kind, this book is more than splendid; it's marvelous. DAVID MARSHALL.

"Just Tell the Truth." John L. Strohm. Scribners. $3.50. *Why They Behave Like Russians. John Fischer. Harper.* $2.75.

HERE ARE two volumes which hold out varying hopes that the Truman-Marshall-Dulles policy toward Russia will not eventually lead to armed conflict. Hopes, that is, if adamant refusal to yield any further is coupled with a constructive, long range program on the part of the United States. Otherwise neither volume would indicate anything but a continued impasse with the accompanying arms race.

When a writer has forced his way well behind the famous curtain it is natural to expect some rather startling revelations. But nothing in Mr. Strohm's book is nearly as striking as the fact that he finally got *carte blanche* to knock around and take pictures almost anywhere he would. The pictures themselves are excellent, emphasizing the war-ravaged and backward state of Russia's agriculture, the wide range of racial types in the USSR, the vitality of the people, etc., etc. And the author makes clearer than ever before the extraordinary ramifications of the Soviet production incentive plan. Not only the Party leaders are living in a comparatively grand manner. It is the best documented section of a story which for the most part skims enthusiastically over the surface.

Mr. Strohm's theme, which is not necessarily a fellow-traveling one, is that everywhere he went through the North and South of Russia, he was warmly greeted as an American. They plied him with tokens of affection because he was an American on a good-will trip. And he for his part developed the strongest personal admiration for them in their struggle. They had only the friendliest feelings, despite official propaganda; they could not see why the two peoples should ever fight each other. Unhappily there are, in addition to cases of national antipathies, all too many occasions on which naturally friendly people have fought each other as bitterest enemies. How much can we count on proverbial human horror of war or even on strong affinities between peoples when the marching orders come?

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Mr. Fischer did not roam nearly so widely in his UNRRA capacity as did Mr. Strohm in his self-appointed one. He did, however, visit a large sector of war damage are similar in tone. But he does concern himself, as Mr. Strohm does not, with the real obstacle to American-Soviet friendship. His first chapter on the Kremlin verges on the sensational, but his point about the leaders' bullet-proof cars and the fear psychology of the old revolutionist has great bearing on the problem of getting along with Russia.

There has yet to be offered in this country a more sensible prescription than Mr. Fischer's. He underlines the importance of taking into account the fears which he believes genuinely activate the Kremlin leaders. One apparently is—and it is certainly the core of the USSR's long-term anti-American propaganda—that we are headed for an economic crash so desperate that only a "fascist" coup will be able to preserve order in this country. America's first strategic task then, in the author's view, is to demonstrate that we can make our economy work during the next fifteen years, that our political democracy will continue. Many people have probably not thought much about the connection between accomplishing this and Russia's desperate war preparations, but the objective itself is beyond argument.

Other ingredients of the Fischer prescription are less universally palatable. How can the United States cut down its arms program to strict conformity with our international commitments? How can the citizenry be made fully aware of even the strategic importance of building up the economies not only of Russia's borderlands but of the other Americas and every land everywhere? These are tough assignments—as is the unbroken continuance of a calm but firm American policy which must accompany them. Yet journalistic and sketchy as he is, John Fischer has come up with a Russian policy which makes sense. EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

Kilvert's Diary—1870-1879. *Edited by William Plomer. Macmillan.* $3.00.

FOUR NINETEENTH CENTURY country curates have been introduced to us by Jane Austen, all of them seriously in love, the only attribute they share with the author of the present diary, who was as sensitive and poetical as they were commonplace.

The record Francis Kilvert kept is of the seasonal beauties of the Welsh and English countryside; of his own ephemeral romances; of the country people and the gentry's mild Victorian festivities when archery, croquet and picnics were the fashionable pastimes. Kilvert tramped on foot over the neighborhood and became a welcome visitor in both castle and cottage. That his friends should be comfortably rich and the poor people wretchedly poor, he accepted as a natural law and his general reaction to poverty is curiously literary and objective. "July 12th, 1871. There came begging through the village today, three girls all dressed in ragged black with naked legs and feet. The eldest was a straight girl. The second was slighter. Her tattered black frock hardly covered her knees, her delicate slender limbs were bare and whiter by contrast with her dress and her pretty feet, small and shapely, were bruised and worn by travel."

On June 4th, 1874, outside a confectioner's in Bristol he noticed a ragged child. "She was a barefooted child, a little girl with fair hair tossed and tangled with an arch espiegle eager little face with beautiful wild eyes, large and grey which looked shyly into the shop and at me with a wistful beseeching smile. She wore a poor, faded, ragged frock and her shapely limbs and tiny delicate beautiful feet were bare and stained with mud and dust. Christ seemed to be looking at me through her wistful imploring eyes. What did Francis do about this infinitely tragic situation? He took her out a *bun*. She said she was very hungry. Poor lamb. I asked her name and she told me but amidst the roar of the street, I could not catch the accents of the childish voice. Never mind. I shall know some day."

In March, 1875, he met an orphan lad on his way to Chippenham Market. The boy had already come some fourteen miles and could find no night's lodging. Francis walked along to encourage him but felt no more personal responsibility for the homeless boy than he had for the three barefoot girls nor the little starving child. His delight in children, above all little girls, had none of the practical charity of a Don Bosco, but was a romantic emotion.

Francis kept dreaming of the day when he would have a little girl all his own but, alas, curates in those days had no standing as suitors. First he fell in love with Daisy Thomas just out of boarding school, "her bright golden hair tied up with a blue riband," but Mr. Thomas of Llanthomas forbade Francis to speak to Daisy of his love until he had some prospect of a "living." That was in 1871. "I daresay I will never marry," said he to his Vicar's wife in 1872, "but if I do marry, I will marry Daisy." In March, 1874 he notes Daisy's eyes were full of tears when he came to see her. "She turned her face away. I saw the anguish of her soul. What could I do?" He did what many a man has done before and five months later instantly lost his heart to Kathleen Mavourneen at a wedding in Cornwall. Kathleen had very dark hair and beautiful bright grey eyes. She spoke regretfully of her idle life and invited Francis to join her Mutual Improvement Society. He felt her "sweet pure thoughts" had done him much good and he spent New Year's Eve gazing at her picture—in a riding habit—but Kathleen was forbidden to continue the correspondence and the next autumn he met Ettie (Miss Meredith-Brown) at Langley Burrell. "She was dressed in light grey with a close fitting crimson bodice which set off her exquisite figure and suited to perfection her black hair . . . and beneath the shade of the picture hat, the dark wild fine eyes looked with a true gypsy beauty." Francis and Ettie exchanged poems but soon after she left for London a letter came from Mrs. Meredith-Brown requesting Francis to discontinue his suit. The spring brought two sad verses from Ettie. Shortly after Kilvert had been given the Vicarage of Bredwardine, he writes, "I am glad to hear that Ettie Meredith-Brown is to be married to the brother of her brother-in-law." In August, 1879, after the close of the Diary, the Rev. Francis Kilvert married Elizabeth Anne Rowland whom he had met in Paris. They went to Scotland for their honeymoon where Kilvert died on September 20th. Mrs. Kilvert never remarried; she died in 1911. Daisy Thomas never married at all.

On Easter Day in Clyro, Kilvert notes with pride that there were 29 communicants, and adds that he himself had received the Sacrament five times in four days! The Vicar of Fordington told Francis that when he came to

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Fordington about 1820, no man but the parson, clerk or sexton ever received Communion and most of the sixteen women communicants stayed away when he refused to pay them. One day for a christening, there was no water in the font. "Water, sir?" said the clerk, "the last parson used no water. He spit on his hand." A more spiritual reminiscence came from a very old farmer in Wales who had seen the oxen go on their knees at midnight of Christmas Eve with tears running down their faces.

Will Kilvert's diary became a classic? To me it seems unlikely. Francis is as frustrated as a lost croquet ball; his humor and his background are both limited but it is easy to understand how Daisy broke her heart over him. He is the ideal Victorian hero. E. V. R. WYATT.

Without Seeing the Dawn. Stevan Javellana. Little. $2.75.

THIS IS the first novel by a Philippine writer of the new Philippine Republic. Peasants of all varieties, water-buffalos, lust, and the Japanese war horrors abound. Mr. Javellana has attempted a "Good Earth" for his native islands. There have been quite a number of facsimiles of Mrs. Buck's book, and in "Without Seeing the Dawn" there is nothing new to catch the interest, save an earnest fury which mistakes unabated action for life-like portraiture. Probably Mr. Javellana's novel shows an accurate picture, as far as it goes, of the average Philippine farmer, but the events seem somewhat trumped up. We have had far too many assembly-line peasants and their passionate ploddings. ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

George Macdonald: An Anthology. C. S. Lewis. Macmillan. $1.50.

READERS OF Mr. Lewis's "The Great Divorce"—that enchanting phantasy of a bus making day excursions from Hell to Heaven—have longed to know more of Mr. Lewis's guide, George Macdonald. Mr. Lewis rewards their curiosity whilst whetting it, with this anthology from his mentor's writings. His preface briefly recounts George Macdonald's life, and is most illuminating on the subject of myths. Mr. Lewis places Macdonald with Kafka and Novalis, in the class of those who can make a story which conveys truth as telephone wires convey words, soundlessly, hitting us "at a level deeper than our thoughts or even our passions." Such myths "shock us more fully awake than we are for most of our lives." Since myths are whole living entities, it is impossible to cut off samples or snippets, and Macdonald's best art, Mr. Lewis warns us, is least represented in this collection. "The great works are Phantastes, the Curdie books, the Golden Key, the Wise Woman, and Lilith." (Perhaps also "At the back of the North Wind"?) In these "the meaning, the suggestion, the radiance, is incarnate in the whole story: it is only by chance that you find any detachable merits." Most of the "bits" offered here are quarried from the novels, and Mr. Lewis is devoutly to be praised for having done what few would have had the endurance to complete—for having ploughed through those umpteen doughy, dull volumes, often written in Doric or some equally obscure dialect, which are George Macdonald; non-fantastical books. Mr. Lewis has found many pure gems: "Truth is truth, whether from the lips of Jesus or Balaam"; "There is endless room for rebellion against ourselves"; "Two at least are needed for oneness"; "It is not by driving away our

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brother that we can be alone with God." But, though these are sound, they are pedestrian: they do not even hint at the glory of wings with which Macdonald's stories fly. For most of us, imagination is the motor without which our minds and wills are hopelessly grounded: we need the Parables in order to be able to take the Beatitudes. This anthology is good hors d'oeuvres, but its greatest virtue will be if it persuades a publisher to reissue what Mr. Lewis so rightly calls "the great works" of George Macdonald. ANNE FREMANTLE.

Lady Gregory's Journals. Edited by Lennox Robinson. Macmillan. $3.00.

THESE MEMOIRS of life in Dublin and on an estate in County Galway from 1916 to 1930 recount the vigorous activities of a brilliant yet wonderfully simple woman. They include less than one-third of Lady Gregory's diary during the exciting period of the liberation and the beginning of the independence of Ireland. But there is a long section dealing with the middle period of the Abbey Theater of which she was not only a founder but which she served as author, producer, critic, director and even leading lady. Her journals tell of such figures as Barry Fitzgerald, Sara Allgood, Sean O'Casey and the editor of this volume, Lennox Robinson. Lady Gregory also has intimate recollections of such figures in the Gaelic Revival as Synge, Yeats, Shaw and James Stephens. And she tells, for instance, of Shaw reading "Saint Joan" to her for her valued criticism.

Her truly Christian spirit is shown by her stories of the invasion of her own house and land and the burning of her ancestral home. She can tell without a trace of bitterness how it was admitted that her brother, the owner, was a good landlord but that his name had come twice out of the hat, and so Foxboro was burned down. Lady Gregory herself was too little copied in her love of the people of her neighborhood. Many can love their countryside and tell about it but not many can rise to such love of their fellowmen as she constantly manifested, especially in her excursions collecting Gaelic folklore.

The Journals have been twice edited: once by the author herself to eliminate what might give pain, as she says, and once by Lennox Robinson, the Irish playwright who worked with her at the Abbey. Some previous acquaintance with the persons who appear in the Journals, as well as with Lady Gregory, may greatly increase the reader's pleasure, but that is by no means necessary to a profitable reading of the book. J. D. KERNAN, JR.

USSR: A Concise Handbook. Edited by Ernest J. Simmons. Cornell. $4.50.

THIS IS a survey which includes individual sections devoted to Russian Geography, Political Science, the Social Sciences, and the Humanities and Science. Contributors include such well known friends of the Soviet Union as Corliss Lamont, Frederick L. Schuman and Sir Bernard Pares. Most of the chapters are followed by fairly extensive bibliographies. G. S.

5th Avenue. 100 Photographs by Fred Stein. Picture Text by Andy Logan. Pantheon. $4.00.

IT IS impossible to photograph 5th Avenue without obtaining some very fine pictures. This series proceeds from Washington Square to Harlem; with irony, and emphasis on the contrast between the avenue's poor and rich.

SORRY, WE MEANT LUTHER

How we ever came to write that Father Hughes HISTORY OF THE CHURCH, Volume III ($4.00) "covers the years from Aquinas to Augustine" remains a rather horrible mystery, only a little light is thrown on it by Mr. Sheed's CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE ($3.00) having been much in our minds at the time. Aquinas to **Luther** was what we meant. Sorry.

A book, the title of which seemed only too likely to cause confusion without any help from us, is the one which appeared in our Spring list as **Diagnosis.** As this has nothing whatever to do with the practice of medicine we thought it better to change the name to WHAT AILS MANKIND ($1.75) thus giving prospective readers some idea of what it is about. The book does diagnose What's Wrong With the World (a perfect title, only Chesterton got it first) and suggests what can be done about it. The author's name is Gustave Thibon, the last pronounced like the similarly named steak, but said as if a Frenchman were ordering it. Early next month we publish PARADOX IN CHESTERTON ($1.75) by Hugh Kenner, who has a good time defending Chesterton's use of paradox, defining what sort of paradox he uses, and showing how inevitable it was that he should use it. Also next month comes BOCCACCIO by Francis MacManus ($3.50) the second volume in the **Great Writers of the World** series (nothing to do with baseball). The first volume, just out now, is HORACE by Alfred Noyes ($3.50). We are already beginning to point with pride at this series, and shall probably soon be unbearable on the subject.

This will finish our spring publishing, and about time too. You may be interested to hear that THE PSALMS ($2.00) in Msgr. Ronald Knox's translation are outselling all our other spring books: if you have seen the book this will not make you think ill of the rest of the list.

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Next Week

MAIL FROM THE ENEMY DEFEATED, by H. A. Reinhold, presents unforgettable pictures of the results of war and occupation in Germany. It deals with the fate of historic Lubeck and four of the city's modern Christian heroes. It indicates what working in an office is like today in devastated Hamburg. The article also pays eloquent tribute to certain anti-Nazis who have survived Hitler, the war and the defeat, and who, Father Reinhold believes, must have a leading role in Germany's regeneration.

THE MATANUSKA VALLEY, by Walter J. Marx, tells how two hundred needy families from our agricultural Midwest resettled in an Alaskan valley twelve years ago, with the help of the Government and in the hope of starting life anew. Dr. Marx, himself a native Alaskan, presents facts and figures and the colorful story of this controversial little colony which was intended to serve as a model for resettlement.

INTERVIEW WITH IVOR THOMAS. Before returning to England Mr. Ivor Thomas, M.P., Parliamentary Undersecretary of State for the Colonies, gave The Commonweal an authoritative interview on one of the first solid accomplishments of which the United Nations can boast: the work of the Trusteeship Council.

Also books, plays, movies and comment of the week.

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The Inner Forum

New Techniques at Antigonish

THE ADULT education movement led by the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, actually began in 1929. First the fishermen were organized, secondly the farmers of eastern Nova Scotia, then the coal miners and steel workers of Cape Breton Island, N. S., and finally the people of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island as a whole. There are now in these three Canadian provinces 150 consumer cooperative stores doing an annual business of $9,000,000. Producer and consumer cooperative wholesales are doing an annual business of $5,000,000, while there are 425 credit unions with assets of $7,000,000 and a membership of 70,000 people. Seven cooperative housing groups are already operating; and 253,000 have joined in cooperative hospitalization.

The first of the new techniques—which go beyond local study clubs, mass meetings, various forms of cooperative business enterprise—is radio education. Station CJFX owned by the alumni of St. Francis Xavier began with a labor school of the air three years ago. For the last two years land utilization for farmers and fishermen and all others interested in the problem has been the main topic. Each program consists of a panel discussion by four competent authorities of a topic on which the radio audience already has in hand pertinent informational material and bibliographies for wider reading.

Films are also utilized. Thus far they are mostly technicolor slides of the outstanding cooperative institutions in the Maritime Provinces. The system is to combine magic lantern slide lectures with motion pictures. The third new technique has to do with the education of urban adults. A five-year cycle combining lectures with formal and informal discussions among groups of carefully selected industrial workers is already in its second year. At present it aims at enlisting 300 students in Cape Breton (population 100,000). It involves a series of well-stocked local reading rooms with a single text book chosen for each year and supplemented by additional suggested readings. Model panel discussions by members of these groups are sometimes presented before the whole community. All members of this trained élite are urged to participate actively in their local trade unions and to take an active interest in all civic matters.

CONTRIBUTORS

A. A. BERLE, Jr., former Assistant Secretary of State, has been appearing before a Senate committee sustaining his thesis that the Italian Treaty should not be ratified. Mr. Berle practices law in New York City.

Denis de ROUGEMONT, a native of Switzerland, is a prominent writer on political and literary subjects and the author of many books published in France and in the United States. His current volume "The Last Trump" discusses the atom bomb. He is in the great classical tradition of the French moralists.

Norman THOMAS has just published "Appeal to the Nations—A Concrete Plan for World Accord."

Hal LEHRMAN has been Balkan correspondent for the *Nation*.

Henry RAGO lives in Chicago and is a critic and poet. He regularly reviews for THE COMMONWEAL.

David MARSHALL is the author of "Grand Central," which is currently approaching best seller status. He is an expert on all that concerns the romance and history of American railroading.

E. V. R. WYATT is drama critic for *The Catholic World*.

Elizabeth JOHNSON contributes to Cornhill and other British publications.

J. D. KERNAN, Jr., lives in New York and is a new reviewer.

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